PR
4826
.J63J3
1870a

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

IN MEMORY
OF
Albert Gorton Greene
OF THE CLASS OF 1820
FUND GIVEN BY
Samuel Coffin Eastman
OF THE CLASS OF 1857

PRICE [illegible] CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 100.)

JACK LONG.

A DRAMA.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. B. JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

Author of "The Gipsey Farmer," etc.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Position of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

New-York:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER.

NOW READY.
WHO IS WHO. A Farce. (Adapted from the French.) by Thomas Williams. Price 15 Cents.
THE FIFTH WHEEL. A Comedy, in Three Acts. Price 15 Cents.

0339E
38 }a46

94 MH 1

DE WITT'S
ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA

JACK LONG
TRAMPING TO THE ETA

PR4826
.J63 J3
1870a

0334E
28 Jan 46

CHARACTERS

Jack Long.
Ben Small.
Noah Gibbs.
Hector, a Negro.
Hinch.
Planters, Slaves, Traders, etc.
May Gibbs.
Female Settlers, Slave-girls, etc.

Willy Pease.
White.
Stoner.
Ross.
Hattie

TIME OF PLAYING—*One Hour and Twenty Minutes.*

SCENERY—(*Texas.*)

ACT I.—*Scene* 1: Frontier Settlement, in 8th grooves.

View on flat, Texan country, cottonwood trees, cactus, etc., with prairie in distance. Sunrise effect. Wings, L. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th grooves, trees: wings, R. 1st, 2d and 4th grooves, trees; sinks, 1 and 2 R., trees arching over stage; upper entrances, with the borders, sky; R. 2 E. closed in, set house—log cabin—with window and practicable door; over door a shingle lettered in black: "BEN SMALL, *Trader and General Dealer.*" L. 2 E., closed in, set house—log cabin, with large double door; a large sign: "BEN SMALL, *Artist in Iron, Smith, Farrier, &c., &c. N. B. Rifle repaired!*" A, stump of a tree for target, set.

Scene 2: Room in Log Cabin, in 1st grooves; blankets painted as if hung up; Mexican striped blanket instead of door for R. in F., to draw aside.

Scene 3: Same as Scene 1, Act I. Thick planks (slabs) set with their ends on chopping-blocks or stones, L. 1 E. and R. for seats; target-board, to be fixed to stump up C., with trick holes to be discovered as if bullets had made them; a door laid on two flour barrels R., with keg and demijohns and glasses, and an American flag or two stuck on it.

ACT II.—*Scene* 1: A Cypress Swamp in 1st grooves; stage is dark throughout.

Scene 2: Interior of Log Cabin. R. R. in F., large window L. in F., backed by wood. In 3d grooves.

Scene 3: Wood in 1st grooves; stage is dark.

Scene 4: Hut and Forest in 3d grooves.

R. 1 E. to C., hut; roof 10 or 12 feet above stage level, is half off and ruinous, made of canvas and pasteboard stained for bark of birch, etc. Landscape on flat, a canon or ravine runs up from stage to middle distance; forest in distance; mountains seen above, beyond forest. L. 2 E. an old fallen tree forms a practicable bridge from entrance to a set rock at R. C.; the wire-rope supporters, serving also as rails to the person walking on it, are disguised as creeping-plants; in front, L. C., a very heavy bough forms an inclined plane towards the stage; WHITE is to fall, slide a little down, and die on this. The left half of stage is built up and arranged to look like the continuation of the ravine on flat; dark blue cloth down for depth effect. Moon (limelight), R. 1 E., to send a ray from raking-pieces over hut to L. U. E., upon the tree. R. U. E., flight of steps, masked by set rocks, the top of it higher than the hut-roof; practicable to one man.

Scene 5: Wood in 1st grooves. Bush to run on, a little, L. side.

Scene 6: Landscape in 8th grooves.

Wings L. side, all trees. R. 1st and 2d grooves, wings, trees; borders and sinks, trees, to these and across; sky borders and sinks to other entrances. Upper E. and transverse part of R. 3 E., open for canvas water, for river. A small Southern or Western river steamboat, to work R. to L. in U. E. Rock L., is large enough to enable it being taken off undiscovered. See to black cotton or silk fur for smoke out of pipe. Sunrise effect. Landscape on flat; on R., half the river widens and blends with haze about a forest; L. side the bank with cottonwood trees is seen.

COSTUME.—(Frontier.)

JACK LONG.—*Act I.:* Hunter's dress of buckskin, fringed with red and dark blue, with beadwork; belt with Indian pipe, quilled and hair-fringed, tomahawk, eight-inch bowie with buckhorn handle; powder-horn with thong to wear it by; shot-pouch; moccasins; squirrel-cap with tails left on; hair rather long; beard and moustache. *Scene 3d:* Hunting-shirt to come off; striped or hickory shirt. *Act II.:* Same, but dress rather ragged and discolored; hair and beard very long and untrimmed; rifle and knife as before.

HINCH.—Mexican jacket of black velvet, with metal buttons and lace, gray shirt, black trousers, knee-high cowhide boots; rifle and knife. *Act II.:* Hair longer, face thin and pale; hunter's dress, rifle and knife.

NOAH GIBBS.—Gray hair; homespun suit, something of a Quaker cut.

REES, STONER, WHITE.—Half-hunters, half-low whites. Leggins, straw

BEN SMALL.—Yankee, as usual.

HECTOR.—Negro. Fancy cotton shirt, with broad collar, loose trousers to mid-calf, broad-brimmed straw hat, cowhide shoes.

WILLY JONES.—Peddler. Englishman. Light hair and beard; long-skirted coat, belt around waist, pack with straps; high boots.

INDIANS, HALF-BREEDS, PLANTERS, NEGRO SLAVES, as usual.

MAY GIBBS.—*Act I.:* Neat, plain white dress. *Act II.:* Dark dress.

DINAH.—Very gay cotton print dress, bandanna head-handkerchief, large ear-rings, rings, necklace of gilt beads.

PLANTERS' WIVES, SLAVE GIRLS, as usual.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I., *Scene 1d.* Rope horse-halter; rifles, knives, hatchets and equipments for Regulators. *Scene 3:* Seats for Spectators (*see* SCENERY); glasses, horns, demi-johns, kegs; target (*see* SCENERY and Play for the tricks to it); rifles to shoot; rope to tie Jack. *Act II., Scene 1:* Peddler's pack and walking-stick; weapons for Regulators as before. *Scene 2:* Horse-pistol, sand-paper, chamois-leather wash cloth, table, two chairs, powder-horn; thunder, lightning; tree to fall into cabin. *Scene 4:* Firesticks arranged in circle, red fire in the centre, Indian fashion; gourd; rifles to fire. *Scene 5* Powder for Jack, not to fire. *Scene 6:* Steamboat.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

[For Synopsis of Scenery and Incidents, etc., see page 26.]

JACK LONG.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Texan Frontier Settlement, in 5th grooves. Music. Gas up half-turn, gradually turned on to heighten the sunrise effect.*

HINCH *enters,* R. U. E., *and down* C. *cautiously, horse halter in one hand.*

HINCH. All right. I'd a sharp run for it, but I've distanced them. They lost my trail as I crossed the stream at Eagle P'int. I left the hoss in Jack Long's grass-patch. Come night, and all goes well. I can remove him if he's found before. They'll conceit Jack's the thief, so I'm safe. (*front, looks up*) So, day is breaking; its bright face is peeping over the hills. (*winds the halter round his waist, lasso-fashion, with the loop hanging down his left thigh*) I must be off. (*going* L.)

Enter STONER, R. U. E.

STONER. Hinch! (*comes down.*)
HINCH (*stops*). Hullo! who the devil's that? (*crosses to* R.)
STO. (*holds up right hand with fore-finger crossed behind the middle-finger*). A friend and Regulator.
HINCH. What! Stoner? (R. *front.*)
STO. (L. *front*). The same! (*they approach one another*) I say, you've been doin' a leetle on your own hook! that's hardly proper, I guess. Our agreement was, share and share alike.

Enter, L. 1 E., REES.

REES. Yes, and after all, you 're the first to break it.
HINCH. What do you mean?

Enter, L. 1 E., WHITE, *half drunk, crossing to* HINCH.*

WHITE. Why, he means you've run off a hoss. We laid eyes on you at Eagle P'int, and trailed you hyar, after you had turned it into Jack Long's railed-in patch. Now, that hoss belongs by our bond to all, and it isn't prairie law for dog to rob dog.
HINCH. Well, I can't starve.
WHITE. No, nor you shan't (*hic*) starve us!

---

* REES. R. C.	HINCH. C.	WHITE. L. C.	STONER. L.

HINCH (*plays with his knife, but finally smiles*). Well, I own I was wrong; but I couldn't scare up any o' you.

REES (*winking*). That's strange, we are easy found!

WHITE. Oh, you see, he wasn't perticklar in his scouting. Some folks go about seeking what they heartily wish they may never find. *That* couldn't have been Hinch's case. (*closes one eye.*)

HINCH (*handles his rifle threateningly*). What!

WHITE (*lifts his rifle*). Now, don't do that! You'll get very little by sending a bullet through my brains, spare your powder and mind your eye, for this mornin's shootin'-match when you'll git a new rifle—if Jack Long don't walk over your head.

HINCH. Jack Long! My curse upon Jack Long!

WHITE. With all my heart! he's not one of our kidney. He defies us all. He scorns to be regulated by the Regulators.

HINCH. I'll fix him yet! (*feels the edge of his knife meaningly.*)

REES. Mind what you're about. He's not a man to be trifled with.

HINCH. Oh, I've no care for him.

WHITE. No! but you've some fear, and no mistake, about that death-dealing rifle of his—there's not a hunter in all the Ingin lands, nay, not in all Texas, can send a bullet plum' centre to the mark like him; let him but catch the eye of the animal, and it's as dead as a door-nail; or I'm no living man! (*goes up a little and returns. Goes up.*)

REES. I say, Hinch, he's crossed you in another affair, ain't he? The pretty May Gibbs?

HINCH. Not he? (*shrugs his shoulders*) I cared not for the gal.

WHITE. She's bright-eyed and well-set in gold. When her father dies, he'll cut up rich as a buffalo; old Noah Gibbs has been a thriving man all his life, and if Jack Long gits the gal, he'll git the money, and, they say, there's no doubt of that!

HINCH (*frowning*). Don't be too sure of that! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Enter BEN SMALL, R. 2 E. D.

BEN (*Yankee twang*). Good mornin', gentlemen, you're airly! Kin I dew anything for you in *my* way. (*scores his hands* R. *and* L.) Air yew goin' to patronize me for powder for the shutin'-match? Haeow air yew off for lead, major?

WHITE. How *air* yew off for brass?

BEN. Wall, cunnle, that's an article I don't dew much in; if I *should* calkerlate that way, will you give me your countenance? (*see to gun, ready to fire* R. C. E.)

HINCH. Sharp!

WHITE. That's more than his knives are.

BEN. Oh! don't say that! if there's any one thing I pride myself on more than another, it's the cut of my cutlery.

WHITE. Well, we won't quarrel about quality.

BEN. I'm sure yew can't abeout the *price*, for I haven't seen the color of a red cent from you for some time past.

WHITE. Well, what of that? Ain't I one of your protectors? Ain't we the very heart and soul of the settlement. Don't we defend you from all enemies? are we not a constituted band of brave hunters, pledged to protect both person and property? Don't we administer Lynch law to all who dare rob or steal our side the frontier.

BEN. Oh! that's very true. You let nobody rob—but yourselves.

WHITE. What did President Tyler say when the settlement applied to him and Congress? Tell me that?

BEN. What did he say? Why, he said: Fight it scout among yourselves and be hanged to yew! (*gun shot* R. C. E. ALL *start*) I kin tell by the ring whose iron thet is. If that's not Jack Long, never pay me for my powder. (*music.*)

Enter, JACK LONG, R. C. E., *loading rifle as he comes down* L. *of* BEN.*

JACK (*to* C.). Hullo! what's Congress met for? Is there anything afoot that the Regulators are after so soon. What, President Hinch, is there a screw loose? has the red nigger quit the chapparal to scare the pale-face—has—has the greasy red left his covert to bring blood and fire into the peaceful settlement? If 'tis so, Jack Long's heart, hand and rifle are ready in the cause!

HINCH. The defenders of the settlement are sufficient to meet danger, should danger come.

JACK. Oh, are they? Well, I am happy to hear it. You'll excuse me, but if anything of the sort happens, I mean to have "a finger on the hair!" (*flourish of knife.*)

HINCH. You're no Regulator.

JACK. Well, Regulator or no Regulator, I shall do it.

HINCH. Then, why not join us?

JACK. (*leans on rifle*). Because I don't like you.

WHITE. (L. *of* JACK). Well, that's plain.

JACK. But honest!

BEN. The plainness he perfectly understands—the honesty doubtful.

JACK. When law is 'vested in the hands of a few, it's apt to be partial and there's so little mercy in your administering it that I sometimes think that you strain a point. You form your own Judge and jury! (*the others recede and form a line* L., *while* BEN *is* R., *on* JACK'S R.)† and Heaven help the poor devil that falls into your hands. Punishment follows sentence too rapidly to let cool judgment wait upon fair justice. Few escape!

BEN. Aye, they are sharp set for the pickings of office. Lynch law is paid for, as well as any other sort o' law, and a lost case is a lost coin, so, when there's no money there's no mercy!

HINCH. What! do you think we'd take a bribe? (*the others murmur and look indignant.*)

BEN. Oh, LO! bless you, I don't think you would take anything—out of your reach!

HINCH. Pah! there's nothing gained by talking to you.

BEN. There would be, I guess, if you'd pay proper attention; but if yew air an idle scholar, I shall never make my money out o' yew.

HINCH. Bah! Stoner and Rees, you'll come with me, won't you? (*crosses* L. REES *and* STONER *look at one another.*)

REES. Aye, aye. (REES *and* STONER *go* L.)‡

BEN. Here! take *White* along with you, or he'll look *black* at being *sup*-lected!

---

* REES. R.	BEN. R. C.	JACK.	HINCH. C.	WHITE. L. C.	STONER. L.
	* BEN. R. C.	JACK. C.	REES. STONER. WHITE. HINCH. L. C.		
‡ BEN. R. C.	JACK. C.	WHITE L. C.	REES. STONER.	HINCH.	

HINCH. We shall meet you, friend Long, at the shooting-match to-day, I suppose?

JACK. Safe! I never make a *miss* at a shooting-match.

BEN. It would be better for sum fokes (*looks at* HINCH) if yew didn't make so many hits.

HINCH. Take care you don't git a hit. Your tongue will git you into trouble one of these days.

BEN. Never mind my *tongue*, take care of *your* own teeth!

HINCH. Come along, my lads! that chattering pie is no game for the bold hunter; the soaring eagle holds in contempt the fluttering of the brainless sparrow; the rays of the bright sun laugh at the light of the feeble lamp. So I look with scorn on the petty peddler and looking, leave him. (*music.*) [*Exeunt* HINCH, STONER, REES, *and* WHITE, L. 1 E.

BEN. (*crosses to* C.). Here! hullo! what dew yew mean by petty peddler? allow me to say, mister, I'm an independent citizen, the proprietor of a store! (L.)

JACK (R. C.). Ben, does he owe you anything?

BEN. A trifle.

JACK. He's paid you! go in and give him a receipt.

BEN. A rope, you mean? (*imitates hanging.*)

JACK. He'll get that some day or another, if I don't mistake. I've my suspicions that Mr. Hinch is downright buzzard-ment, but, as it's not in my nature to condemn a man on suspicion, I shall leave time to determine whether he is an honest man or a rogue; when, if my thoughts are deceitful, I shall be the first to take him by the hand and acknowledge my error.

BEN. I'll bet a heap that your suspicions are confirmed sooner than you expect. Did you ever see sich a hang-gallows look as he has got?

JACK. That's no fault of his; we ain't all of us born beautiful. Many a pretty door has an ugly latch, a dark outside sometimes covers a fair heart. It's a hard law that hangs a man for his looks. But I must be off.

BEN. I know. (*winks*) Your road lies towards the Squire's. May Gibbs——

JACK. Well! where's the harm? 'tisn't treason against the Lone Star State to love a pretty girl, is it? I think the best feather in a man's cap is the true affection of an honest-hearted maiden. Man's not a lonely animal. Woman was formed that he might love and honor her. She is the pilot through Life's rough and stormy sea, his hope, his trust! The cargo of his happiness is on board the bark, of which Woman is the anchor.

BEN. Jack—Jack Long, or Long Jack, or whatever Jack you like—give us the grip of your honest hand. Yew air a man arter my own heart, yew air! To hear yew talk has made me quite connubial. I'll marry the fust woman that will have me, I'll have a jint-stock consern; no more one-hoss trading for me. I'll have a partner, and the firm shall be Small & Co. (*points to houses* R. *and* L.) for the future!

JACK. Hark ye, Ben! if that ever comes off, I'll drink a horn to the success of the firm, and when you get a juvenile partner or two, yours will become quite a thriving concern.

BEN. I feel quite the father of a family, I dew! feel—Oh! yew know haeow I feel, don't yew, Jack? Oh, who would be single?

JACK. A great many, I believe, if they had their wish.

BEN. Dissatisfied devils!

JACK. Yes; who thought to marry angels and found them women, and, soured by disappointment, became ill-tempered and rendered her miserable—her that, by kindness and attention might have become the angel they sought for.

BEN. They sp'iled you, Jack, when they made you a hunter.

JACK. You'll spoil me if I stay loitering my time away with you. I must away to Noah's and fetch May; for the hour's approaching for the shooting-match. So look out, Ben, and when the time comes for the sacrifice, send for me and I'll give you away. (*music.*)

[*Exit* JACK, L. 1 E.

BEN. I've made up my mind. I'll marry—and the first—the very first woman that says——

Enter DINAH, R. 1 E., *during above.*

DINAH (*interrupting*). Mr. Small!

BEN (*aside*). Oh, fate! Gewhillikins, I'm booked, and not in a bad ledger either. I've al'ays had a sneakin' kindness in this quarter.

DIN. Talking to yourself, Mr. Ben, is not the most polite way to receive a lady who comes to visit you.

BEN. No, my dear! I was not talking. I was thinking aloud

DIN. Thinking should never be *allowed!* before a lady. 'Spose I buy thoughts, how much for yours?

BEN. Yew shall have them at your own price, my dear; they're a first-rate article, I can assure yew.

DIN. A first-rate article!

BEN. Yes. Yourself, my dear.

DIN. (*simpering*). You flatter!

BEN. I don't. I mean what I say, I'm a trader, and I ginerally find that words are made over the best of barg'ins. If yew kin look upon me with an eye of love, yew'll make happy a poor fellow-citizen that doats on you! There's my store! here's my hand, and all I've got is your'n!

DIN. Oh, it's so sudden, you take my breath away!

BEN. A broad hint! I'll seal the barg'in with a kiss! (*kisses* DINAH.)

DIN. That's always the way with you men; not satisfied with the tongue, you always apply to the lips for information.

BEN. The lip's a silent member, and ginerally votes in man's favor.

DIN. They say, Love's language is written in the eye.

BEN. May I read yours?

DIN. If you can.

BEN. Oh, I've a great knowledge in that language.

DIN. No doubt from experience.

BEN. No! on'y, I once lived in Eyes-land. I never kiss and tell.

DIN. A'n't I've only your word for that.

BEN. Put me to the test and I'll prove the truth I tell.

DIN. Keep off! I like mischief best at a distance.

BEN. Oh, there's no mischief in me. I am as harmless as a lamb.

DIN. Yes, and as giddy as a goose. And I'm almost as sensible as that dear bird to listen to you, when I should attend to my own business. (*crosses* L.)

BEN. But, settle my business before yew go: say yew love me! Let me lock the fond hope in my heart; you can keep the key.

DIN. I may lose it.

BEN. Then, I'm done brown, and I shall droop like a sun-dried daisy.

DIN. Well, I think——

BEN. Oh! heaven send you'll think kindly. You'll give me your hand, then?

DIN. Well, I think——

BEN. Oh!

DIN. Catch me, and I'll tell you. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

BEN. Here's after you, and the devil take the hindmost. (*runs off L. 1 E.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Room in the house.*

Enter, L., HECTOR.

HECTOR. I'se done gone tired ob doin' nuffin—I'se been a-lookin' at de sun till him eyes ache. Massa gib Hector holiday—go see shootum-match, ke-yah! but him rader stay to home. I no like to mix in wid gineral sassiety. (*strutts up and down*) Dem dam picayune niggahs are so berry wulgar! and so non-intellectual—dey no mind! no brain! (*slaps his jaw*) all wool an' brack mud.

Enter, D. *in* F., HINCH.

HINCH. Hyar, you nigger!

HEC. Did you obdress you'self to me, massa? (*attitude of haughtiness.*)

HINCH. I did, you black thief.

HEC. Him no tief—him a cibil—him squiet, bones' niggah.

HINCH. Well then, "honest nigger," tell me who's in the ranche?

HEC. I'se in de house.

HINCH. I mean, of the family.

HEC. I'se in de family.

HINCH. I tell you what it is, Master Hector, if you don't give me a direct answer, I'll lay a strip of buffler hide about your ribs that shall beat a decent reply to my question out of your rusty mouth.

HEC. Him no do dat, ki-yah!

HINCH. Indeed, and why?

HEC. 'Case I'se not your niggah, and him no right to beat what don't b'long to him, and no man kin hab de (*advances to* HINCH) dam impudence and assurance to ill-use a niggah onless he has bought and paid for him. (*crosses R.* HINCH *rushes at* HECTOR. *Music.*)

Enter MAY GIBBS, D. *in* F. *and parts them.** *Chord.*

MAY (C.). What means this violence beneath my father's roof? Here, sir, we rule by gentle means; we have too much respect for the feelings of those placed beneath us, to lacerate either heart or back.

HINCH. Ah! May, you are too soft-hearted; you'll teach these niggers insolence to their masters.

MAY. Kindness will teach them rather to love their masters. Go, Hector. My father needs your service.

HEC. Iss, him go, missee. (*aside*) She talk like a book an' like dat good Book too, dat teaches us all to hab kin' feelin' for one anoder.

[*Exit*, D. *in* F.

HINCH. May, I should like to boast of some share of the kindness you bestow on others.

MAY. You may (HINCH *smilingly is about to take her hand*) when, like them, you deserve it. My friendship is ever extended to those who seek it, whatever their station in life.

HINCH. But, May, consider my love for you.

MAY. You have already heard my determination. Again I repeat

* HECTOR. MAY. HINCH.

with every friendly feeling, that I never could for a moment hold thought of your love; why then persist in a passion that is useless to yourself and annoying to me?

HINCH. You had other thoughts ere Mr. Long had crossed your path and marred my hopes of happiness.

MAY. No! till then, love's shadow never dwelt even in my wildest dreams. My love was for the green tree and the budding flower, the wild-bird's song of sweetest melody, who, soaring, sang his grateful hymn of liberty! this was the affection that clung to my heart—this the love I nourished! (*crosses L.*)

HINCH. Ah! you're like you sex. A woman and a weathercock——

MAY. Insulter! The woman who truly loves, is as fixed in her impulse as is the steel that guides the mariner on the boundless deep—time, toil or peril can never change her purpose or control her passion.

HINCH. I but waste words with you. Let Mr. Long look out! The time may come when I can repay the obligations I owe him, and with interest, too.

MAY. Boasting before a woman of intended malice to the man she loves, is neither brave, honest nor honorable. Go teach your tongue another tale! From this moment, my ears are closed against your threatening speech.

HINCH. May, I would—(*music.* HINCH *approaches* MAY.)

Enter, D. *in* F., JACK LONG.

JACK (*to* HINCH).* Well, *what* would you?

HINCH. (*sullenly*). Why, I would——

JACK. I don't doubt you. Why, man, is there anything amiss?

MAY. No, no! If Mr. Hinch wishes to see my father, he will find him in the corral, and——

JACK. Oh, I see. Mister Hinch, there is an old proverb that "*two* are company and *three* are none," which of course you have heard, and perfectly understand its meaning. If you permit me to show you the door, it shall be done in a most gentlemanly manner, I assure you. This way, if you please, this way. (*with mock politeness bows* HINCH *off* D. *to* F.) What, May? the old story?

MAY. Oh, think no more of him.

JACK. Oh, I don't, my dear. He isn't worth a thought. He's but a fog that the brightness of your eyes will disperse like the mist before the sun. May, I mean this day to ask your father to part with his richest jewel, to give to me his diamond, that I may set it in a plain gold ring. (*takes* MAY'S *hand.*)

Enter, D. *in* F., NOAH GIBBS.

GIBBS.† Hallos! hallos! What, Mr. Long poaching upon my estate, robbing a father of all his rosebud's love?

JACK. I'm but following your example, Mr. Gibbs. In your time, you stole a father's rosebud.

GIBBS. So I did, you dog, so I did! Bless you, May, you are the very picture of your poor dead and gone mother, and I shall find it a hard task to part with you.

MAY. There'll be no need of that, father; the same roof can shelter all.

* MAY. JACK. HINCH.

† MAY. NOAH. JACK.

and by Heaven! I'll tear the tongue out from your black and lying lips—or from any here that dares to breathe it! What! rob the friend of my early days, the father of my May! the maid I love! Oh! 'tis too wild a tale for even black-hearted malice or venomed spite to dream of.

HINCH. Oh, you may talk! Innocence is not proved by loud words. The property has been found in your possession, the evidence is strong against you and I must——

GIBBS. Stop, stop, Mr. Hinch! not so fast. I believe I am the injured party in this case.

HINCH. You have nothing to do with it! Away with him! The Regulators award to him for this offence a dozen lashes—haul him up like a dog! Away with him. (*music.*)

STONER, REES, WHITE *and* REGULATORS *seize* JACK. BEN, GIBBS *and* HECTOR *try to prevent it. Struggle; knives are drawn and rifles raised.* WHITE *throws lasso rope around* JACK'S *arms.* STONER *takes* JACK'S *rifle, but* BEN *forces him to give it up, and he pieces it* R., *by bar.* JACK *rushes at* HINCH, *who presents his rifle at his head,* MAY *rushes between them with a scream.* PICTURE.

MAY.* Ah! (*chord.*)

JACK. Coward!

HINCH. Thief! Away with him! You know your business. Spare him? (*to* MAY) No! Ha, ha, ha! (*music.* REGULATORS *with* JACK *off* R. U. E.)

MAY. Hinch, what is this deed you seek to do? You cannot mean to stain your hands with the blood of him who never injured you. (*music, tremolo*) I read the malice of your heart in the black and scowling eye; I see your purpose in the dark and frowning brow, but pause in your wicked judgment. You know his innocence, you know how false the accusation; do not let hatred or jealousy urge you to an act of gross injustice.

HINCH. Oh, you need not fear. His *life* is safe—but the *thief* must be punished. (*music, tremolo on violins, to forte, crescendo with loud chord.*)

Enter, R. U. E., *dragged by* REGULATORS, JACK, *hunting-shirt off, undershirt open and stained with red for blood on back, face flushed, hair disordered. Held by cord,* MAY *screams, goes up as he comes down.*

MAY. Oh! (*falls at* JACK'S *feet.*)

JACK. Poor girl, poor girl! dead, dead!

GIBBS. Hinch! what villianous act is this? (*takes up* MAY *and carries her to* L., *front, where women see to her.*)

HINCH. He stole your horse. He has received the punishment awarded by Judge Lynch.

GIBBS (*to* L. C.). Rascal! this is personal malice. There is no justice in the act. You know he is as innocent of the deed as I am. By Heaven, you shall dearly pay for this! my blood boils with indignation at this cowardly act of degradation!

JACK. Degradation! Degraded! All manly feeling seems prostrate within me! ~~Father~~, take your child! I shall but contaminate her with my touch. I feel as if I had sunk beneath the level of a beast. I have been lashed—lashed like a dog, like the snarling cur. What have I

	SETTLERS.					*SETTLERS.	
			*REGULATORS.				
STONER. R.	BEN.	HINCH. R. C.	MAY. C.	JACK. L. C.	REES.	WHITE.	NOAH. L.

done that I should be doomed to suffer this foul disgrace? who is he whose hand set this foul dishonor on me?

HINCH. Look here! I said that I would repay the obligation that I owed.

JACK. Ah! (REGULATORS *hold him back from* HINCH) Devil, devil! Oh, that my hands were free. I would sacrifice my life but for five minutes' liberty, that I might avenge me on that cowardly ruffian and his base companions!

BEN. Never mind, Jack! a time will come. They outnumber us mawow, and for the present rule the roast, but they won't have it all their own way long. I must say, *gentlemen*, and without flattery, you're the double-darnedest set of onfeelin' scalliwags as ever I came near.

HINCH. Use better words or——

BEN. I shan't! I'm a free and independent citizen of the galoriousest Republic the eagle ever flew across—and I shan't!

HINCH. Then, I'll make you! (*music. Seizes* BEN. *Struggle. Throws him* R. 2 E., *and he tumbles to the bar, where he gets knife. Rushes at* HINCH, *who avoids him, and cuts* JACK'S *rope.*)

BEN. Who said my cutlery had no cut? Hooroar!

JACK *seizes* HINCH *and throws him, after wrestle,* L. C. *front, feels for his his knife; business.*

HINCH. Fire!

MAY *rushes to* JACK *and forces to* C., *where she covers him by embracing him.* HINCH *rises and rapidly joins* REGULATORS L. C., *who left their guns.*

MAY. Aye, fire! do! complete your deed of blood! Together we will perish!

HINCH. Fire, I say!

BEN. (*gets* JACK'S *rifle*). No, no! I can't stand this. (*chord*) There's but one bullet, but it shall be for the fust who pulls trigger!*

JACK. My rifle! my rifle! (*takes it from* BEN) Now then for vengeance! (BEN *talks* MAY. *Music.*)

Goes up R *side,* REGULATORS *up* L. *side,* ALL *with guns "at the ready," Indian fashion, watching each party. At* R. U. E., JACK *quickly aims at* REES, *who fires.* JACK *laughs, and fires.* REES *falls, caught by* WHITE *and* STONER.

JACK (*leading*). One! in *him* behold the doom of *all!*
~~SEVERAL. Shot in the eye!~~
ALL. Shot in the eye!
JACK (*climbs rock* R. U. E.). ~~Ha, ha~~! (ALL *fire.* JACK *is seen going off, up steps, laughing.*)

*JACK.		HINCH.		
		* *	*REGULATORS.	
			* *	
			*STONER.	
			REES.* (*dead*).	
			*WHITE.	
BEN.				SETTLERS.
*				*
NOAH.	MAY.			*
*	*			

QUICK CURTAIN.

*MAY.	JACK.	BEN.	HINCH	REGULATORS.

BEN. That's well; yew air as good a specimint of honest darkness as any in the State. You're wuth your weight in dollars.

HEC. (*laughs*). Him berry heabby niggah, massa, wid him cowhides on. (*brings his foot down heavily*)

BEN. No matter, you'd be a bargain, if you were double your weight.

HEC. You *flatter* him, massa Ben. (*pretends modesty*)

BEN. No, I don't flatter. I do justice.

HEC. I'se berry much obliged to you, for you' good o'pinion, massa!

Enter, R. D., DINAH.

DIN. (c.). They're coming, Ben! my poor young lady droops like the willow. I'm afraid she's heart-struck. Who would have thought that four months would have wrought such a change.

BEN. She has never held up her head since that affair of poor Jack Long.

DIN. And then his strange disappearance since that fatal day.

BEN. Well, I don't think that strange at all.

DIN. No?

BEN. No! I'm sure poor Jack's honest heart was e'enamost broke tew pieces at the disgrace he endured; he couldn't face the woman he loved arter the foul dishonor heaped upon him by that scoundrel Hinch.

HEC. Ah! but it am all ober wid Massa Hinch now.

BEN. True. Great wrong has done much good. The curse of the settlement has been removed. The self-styled Regulators, with their Lynch law, within these few months have dwindled down to the three greatest rascals of the lot; three were shot on the main road by some unseen hand; though well *I* guess I kin guess whose unerring aim it was that sealed their fate; others, through fear of a similar doom, fled up country, while Hinch and his two companyros were by General voice driven forth and have become the very outcasts of society; and we now manage to regulate ourselves without regulators. (*thunder ready.*)

DIN. Good Master Gibbs thinks that change of scene may do Miss May good; so we cross the timber to-day for a distant settlement, where he purposes staying a few months.

BEN. I shall miss yew! (*sighs*) Ah! Yet I'm not so selfish as to deprive May of your services. At present, I should like yew to stay with her, and cheer her in her loneliness; but don't forget my loneliness at the same time! I shall be as dull as one of my opposition-trader's knives till yew cum back.

DIN. Hush! here come Mr. Gibbs and Miss May. (*music.*)

NOAH *and* MAY *enter* L. U. E., *and on by* D. *in* F.

BEN. You are welcome, sir. Same to you, Miss May. And I trust you'll see happy days yet.

MAY. There is but one place in which I can hope to meet happiness—the grave—the quiet harbor for the sad and suffering. I have lived long enough to see virtue sink beneath the trammels of vice, and bold-faced villainy lord it o'er the honest and manly heart.

BEN. But for a time, miss. Hasn't judgment already been quick to overtake the offenders.

GIBBS. True. (*to* MAY) Vengeance will come on them, sudden and unexpected, as summer's thunder departs. Depend upon it, Jack Long lurks in the neighborhood, unnoticed and unseen, until he can pay back with fearful interest the debt he owes.

MAY. Vengeance is poor payment for broken hopes and shattered feelings; it can ne'er give the calm repose that outrage has banished from the heart, nor can it erase from memory the recollection of deep, of deadly injury. If we cannot forget, we should endeavor to forgive, and leave punishment to that power who, in his own good time, will deal out certain judgment to the doers of an evil deed! (*crosses* R.)

GIBBS. Oh! May, yours is a forgiving temper. But what punishment can be too great for rascals who drove an honest and innocent man from hearth and home, who fixed the hand of disgrace upon one, whose only fault was that he was better loved and better liked than their own villainous lot!

BEN. Ah! never fear, miss, but they'll get their deserts at last. I wonder how they've escaped so long; but the devil's children have the devil's luck, they say. But they are sure to be left to their loving father at last! (*thunder softly.*)

HEC. But on'y for a short time till he meet um ag'in, in him fambily mansium (*pointing*) down dar! (*thunder louder. Jumps.*)

BEN. Hullo! Look out for squalls—no travelling to-night. A storm s brewing. (*lightning ready* L. U. E.)

MAY. A storm! why, the evening was calm and fine when we set forth. (*thunder, louder. Gas down wholly* R. *and* L. U. E.)

BEN. The storms of this climate give very little warning—they are here and gone in the snapping of a trigger. But while they *dew* last, there's danger in every wind that blows. Hector! step out and close the shutters of the window. (HECTOR *goes up, opens* D. *in* F. *Lightning* L. U. E. *Thunder, very loud.* HECTOR *closes door. Thunder. Rain.*)

HEC. (*comes down* C.). Oh! massa, him blow him eye out!

BEN. What ails you, Hector? Frightened at a flash of lightning. (*soothes him* R. C.)

MAY. I'm not surprised at Hector's fright. I'm sure I shiver and shake in every limb.

BEN. Mr. Gibbs, lead the females to the back of the house. This part of the store is exposed tew the fury of the storm. You'll find it safer there.

Rain, Thunder and Lightning, with music kept up. Between two forte passages of latter, STOKER'S *cry of* "Help!" *is heard* L. U. E.

What's that?

MAY. A cry for help!

STO. (*at back*). Help! help!

MAY. A cry as of one in mortal agony. (*lightning, thunder, rain.*)

STO. (*some*). Help! oh, help!

MAY. Again! some fellow-creature is perishing amidst the war of elements, some one needs assistance in his hour of peril.

BEN. Indeed! Then step into the next room with your father, while I and Hector go out and see which way the wind blows. (*goes up. Lightning, thunder, rain. Crash.*)

GIBBS. Back, back! (*drags* BEN *down* C.) The old elm, whose branches cover the roof, has been struck by lightning. (*points to window*) See! it totters—it falls! (*music,* L. *half of flat and set roof fall front to let down large trunk of tree.* STOKER *runs up on the fallen flat.* Help! help!)

Enter, L. U. E., JACK LONG *with rifle, up the fallen flat.* STOKER *scrambles over tree and to* R. *front, where he falls on knees, with extended hands.* MAY, GIBBS, BEN, HECTOR *form group* L. *side.*

JACK. Coward! thy doom is fixed, thy time is come! (*fires rifle.*

MAY. My heart will surely break; my lips are parched, and I am choking. Water, water, water! (*music.* MAY *falls at* JACK'S *feet.* JACK *looks down at her, then gets water-gourd.* MAY *drinks, revives, kneels at his feet, bursts into tears*) Oh, do you not know me! *me, May!* your bride! your love! I would speak to you of the summer days that we've passed together, speak of the manly vow you breathed beneath the spreading branches of the forest oak, when first you told to a willing ear your tale of love! speak of the green home where dwells the gray-haired father, who mourns your lengthened absence; of the mother whose eye is dim from watching for the son that was the staff and comfort of her age; and, oh! let the remembrance of these hallowed scenes call back your thoughts to home, to happiness and love. (*music.*)

JACK *looks steadily at her; a sudden gleam of reason returns to him, his hand on his forehead; is about to speak, when he repulses her and, in usual tone, speaks.*

JACK. One, two, three, four, five! (MAY *falls in a faint.* JACK *lifts her and places her* R. *by fire, her head on his knee.*)

Enter, L. 1 E., HINCH *and* WHITE.

HINCH. This way. The body's safe enough now, and will tell no tales. No news of Stoner yet. An icy fear creeps over me and seems to tell me, he has met the doom of all. Hush!

WHITE. Hullo! what now?

HINCH (*at window in the central set wall*). No, no! it cannot be.

WHITE. Cannot be? what cannot be?

HINCH. That he—the cause of all our suffering—Jack Long——

WHITE. What mean you?

HINCH. Is there—there!

WHITE. There! Jack Long? You don't say so?

HINCH. And with him May Gibbs?

WHITE (*looks*). Now is our time for vengeance. (*rifle up.*)

HINCH (*gently*). His rifle hangs upon his arm. You know how certain is his aim, and I fear I cannot reach him without injuring the girl. He shall die! I have suffered enough for him, and now—(*raises rifle*) but hold! I should like first to get the girl within my power, and then, proud beauty, the broad prairie of the red lands shall be the bridal home of Hinch and his bonny bride. Let me see, how is it to be done?

WHITE. I'll do it! I can softly climb the tree that hangs across the roof, and when there, take a sure aim at him without injuring the gal. So, away, and the report of my rifle will be your signal to rush in and secure the girl. Will that plan do?

HINCH. Excellent! Ha, ha, ha! Now, Jack, 'tis once more my turn to triumph! but gently, gently. (*music.*)

Goes along set hut wall and up on rocks, R. U. E., *so as to be seen over the hut roof.* WHITE *exits* L. 1 E., *to re-enter,* L. U. E., *on tree.* JACK *resuscitates* MAY, *half sandy.*

MAY (*revived*). Heaven direct me in the course I must pursue. I will not leave him here—no, no! I will, if possible, prevail upon him to accompany me to the settlement and then—(*music.* WHITE *on tree takes aim. Sees* WHITE) Oh!

JACK *raises his rifle and fires through window.* WHITE *falls on branch, which breaks and falls forward.* WHITE *slides, dead, front, upon it. Moonlight on him.*

JACK. Six! but one, but one!

D. *in* 2 G. *set opens roughly. Enter* HINCH *there.*

HINCH. Ah! (HINCH *sees* JACK *standing and reloading, recognizes him, turns, drops his rifle, rushes out.* MAY *throws herself between and wrestles with* JACK.)

JACK. The last, the last! Revenge, revenge! (HINCH *goes up rocks* R. U. E. *wildly.*)

MAY. Jack, Jack! for the love of Heaven, no more bloodshed. Pity! mercy!

* HINCH. * WHITE. (*dead.*)

* JACK. * MAY.

Curtain

act 4

Scene closes in.

~~SCENE V.—Road~~ *Wood. Gas same as last.* ~~Fire-on-Side-Rugh, L.~~

HINCH (*staggers on* R.). He has lost me. I escaped him by crouching in the underbrush. I marked as he rushed by me the wild glare of his eyes; 'twill rest in my memory till mine are closed in death. Could I gain the river's bank, I know a boat will quickly pass that might bear me from this hated settlement. Terror has so shaken me that my limbs are scarce fit for their office. Death can never equal suffering like this. Why am I such a coward that I cannot meet it boldly? Can I ask that question, and look at the blood upon my hands. Ah! (*starts*) 'Tis he! (*looks* R.) he is on my trail—he tracks me like the scenting hound. Oh! for safe concealment once again! I ask no more. I hear the sound of his foot. Courage! courage, I—I—Oh, heaven! my strength fails me. (*goes* R. *slowly*) Yet I must try—there—there! he is here! Oh, Heaven! mercy—courage! mercy, mercy! (*music.*)

Falls, cracks behind set bush as JACK *enters* R.

JACK. But one—but one remains, and he was in my grasp, when the fiend he serves, stepped in and snatched him from me. No, no! 'twas no fiend—'twas an angel so bright, so beautiful, that asked for pity—mercy! Ha, ha! no pity, no mercy but such as he showed to me! I shall have him yet! I will pursue him to the death, aye, and find him too, though he sought shelter in the heart of the gnarled oak. (*primes rifle. Exit* HINCH, L.) Ha! ha! (*looks down*) this way my flying bird has winged his flight. This way—this way—four, five, six! now for the seventh, the seventh. (*music.*) [*Exit,* L.

Enter, R., MAY.

MAY. With what speed the terror-stricken wretch flies from his just avenger. Long gains upon him, he levels his rifle—brief are the moments between him and dread eternity. Ah! (*shudders*) I cannot look upon the act that dooms him to the death he merits. (*covers face with hands. Pause*) No sound! The death-dealing rifle does not do its work in silence. (*looks off* L.) By Heaven, Hinch has gained the mountain covert. Long, Long! 'tis May that calls! I dare not stay in this wild

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 491 449 1